

## POETRY.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine of 1804.

## THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The distress which the inhabitants of Africa experience at the loss of their children, which are stolen from them by the persons employed in the barbarous traffic of human flesh, is, perhaps, more thoroughly felt than described. But, as it is a subject to which every person has not attended, the author of the following lines hopes that, possibly, he may excite some attention (while he obtains indulgence) to an attempt to represent the anguish of a mother, whose son and daughter were taken from her by a ship's crew, belonging to a country where the God of Justice and Mercy is owned and worshipped.

Help! Oh, help! thou God of Christians!  
Save a mother from despair!  
Cruel white men steal my children!  
God of Christians, hear my prayer!

From my arms by force they're sever'd;  
Sailors drag them to the sea;  
Yonder ship at anchor riding,  
Swift will carry them away.

There my son lies stripp'd and bleeding;  
Fast with thongs his hands are bound;  
See the tyrants, how they scourge him;  
See his sides a reeking wound!

See his little sister by him;  
Quaking, trembling, how she lies!  
Drops of blood her face besprinkle;  
Tears of anguish fill her eyes.

Now they tear her brother from her,  
Down below the deck he's thrown,  
Stiff with beating, through fear silent,  
Save a single death-like groan.

Hear the little creature beggins;  
"Take me, white men, for your own!  
Spare! Oh, spare my darling brother!  
He's my mother's only son."

See, upon the shore she's raving,  
Down she falls upon the sands;  
Now she tears her flesh with madness,  
Now she prays with lifted hands.

"I am young, and strong, and hardy,  
He's a sick and feeble boy;  
Take me, whip me, chain me, starve me,  
All my life I'll toil with joy."

Christians, who's the God you worship?  
Is he cruel, fierce, or good?  
Does he take delight in mercy?  
Or in spilling human blood?

"Ah, my poor distracted mother!  
Hear her scream upon the shore!"  
Down the savage captain struck her,  
Lifeless on the vessel's floor.

Up his sails he quickly hoisted,  
To the ocean bent his way;  
Heading-plung'd the raving mother,  
From a rock into the sea.

From the Liberator.

## MR. THOMPSON'S LETTER.

St. John, New Brunswick,  
November 27, 1835.

My Dear Garrison:

As it is probable I shall not be many hours on shore, and as you will doubtless expect to hear from me before I sail, I snatch an hour to send you a hurried letter. The following is a very brief account of my movements since I bade you farewell:

On Sunday, November 8th, at noon went on board the British brig Satisfaction—the day remarkably fine—dropped sluggishly down the stream. At five, discharged the pilot, and at midnight were off the lights of Cape Ann.

Monday, 9th. Had a fair breeze, and a fine run along the coast.

Tuesday, 10th. At one o'clock, P. M. off Grand Manan Island, took on board a pilot—went into Long Island Bay, where we dropped anchor for the night.

Wednesday, 11th. Set sail from Long Island Bay, and at two o'clock, P. M. came to anchor in Passamaquoddy Bay, off St. Andrews. Had a tremendous gale all night. Had been on the outside of the harbor it is all but certain that we should have been cast away.

Thursday, 12th. At half past ten, A. M. the captain, pilot, and myself, got into the ship's boat, and, after an hour's pull, landed at St. Andrews. I took lodgings at a quiet, well-conducted boarding-house—the proprietor and lady from England. Until the following Wednesday night I found ample employment in arranging the vast quantity of evidence, upon the subject of Slavery, which I have brought from the United States. I have now six bulky volumes filled with extracts taken from Northern and Southern papers, besides a large quantity of tracts, pamphlets, volumes, &c. &c., and a great number of Southern newspapers, which I have preserved entire, with full accounts of Anti-Slavery meetings—Sales of Negroes—Rewards offered for the advocates of the slave, &c. &c. I have also some of the inflammatory handbills circulated in Boston, Salem, and New-York, and some placards advertising Slaves for sale, and setting forth the "honesty," "industry," "skill," "sobriety," and "value" of those "wretched beings," who, if delivered from the yoke of bondage, "would not be able to take care of themselves." I have, besides, about two thousand four hundred Anti-Slavery newspapers, besides Reports, Magazines, Records, Slaves Friend, &c. &c.; also a full set of the African Repository, and Reports of the Colonization Society. I have made every necessary arrangement for the safe transmission to England of whatever documents may enable me to illustrate the state of the abolition question in the progress of that mighty reformation which, under God, you and your honored associates are carrying forward.

On Thursday, the 19th, at seven o'clock, A. M. I went on board the Maid of the Mist, Steamer, and at half past five, P. M. reached the city of St. John, where I found our kind and devoted friend, — with a host of communications from your city, and other parts, all breathing the warmest affection, and evincing unshaken courage in the great conflict. My custom-house business, packing, &c. are now done, and I am ready to step on board the vessel whenever the word is given. I have experienced the greatest kindness during my short sojourn in New Brunswick. In this place I have been most urgently entreated to deliver a lecture upon the present aspect of affairs in the United States; but owing to the uncertainty respecting the time of my departure, and the overwhelming press of correspondence which requires my attention, I have declined.

A host of thoughts rush upon my brain—

a tumult of emotions swell my breast, while my pen lingers over the sheet designed for you. What can I say, my dear brother? My heart is too full for utterance upon paper. I find myself at all times inadequate to the expression of my feelings in epistolary communication; and, on this occasion, I am more than ordinarily embarrassed. However, I am writing to one who knows my heart, and it is, therefore, unnecessary that I should state my views or profess anew my devotion to the cause of the suffering slave. It may, perhaps, be as well to assure you that, tho' for a time banished from your country, I love it still—yes, that my love increases towards you as a people; nor can I help feeling frequently that my destinies are linked with yours, and that all which affects the honor and safety of your country are matters of concern and deep solicitude to me. I love America, because her sons, though my persecutors, are immortal; because "they know not what they do;" or, if enlightened and wilful, are so much the more to be pitied & cared for. I love America, because of the many affectionate friends I have found upon her shores, by whom I have been cherished, refreshed, and strengthened, and upon whose regard I place an incalculable value. I love America, for there dwells the fettered slave—fettered, and darkened, and degraded now, but soon to spring into light, and liberty, and rank on earth, as he is ranked in heaven, "but a little lower than the angels." I love America, because of the many mighty and magnificent enterprises in which she has embarked for the salvation of the world. I love her rising spires—her peaceful villages, and her multiplied means of moral, literary and religious improvement. I love her hardy sons, the tenants of her valleys and her mountains green. I love her native children of the forest, still roaming untutored and untamed in the unsubdued wilderness of the "far West." I love your country, because it is the theatre of the sublimest contest now waging with darkness, and despotism, and misery, on the face of the globe, and because your country is ordained to be the scene of a triumph as holy in its character, and as glorious in its results, as any ever achieved through the instrumentality of man.

But, though my soul yearns over America, and I desire nothing more eagerly than to see her stand forth among the nations of the world, unsullied in reputation, and omnipotent in energy, yet she is, if spared, deemed it my duty to publish abroad her wide and fearful departures from rectitude and mercy. I shall unceasingly proclaim the wrongs of her enslaved children; and while she continues to "traffic in the souls of men, brand her as recreant to the great principles of her Revolutionary struggle, and hypocritical in all her professions of attachment to the cause of human rights. Think not, my friend, that when I speak of America, I shall dwell upon the petty foibles (if foibles they be) of the great, and growing, and enlightened, and improving people among whom I have travelled. No, I shall leave it to other and more minute and fastidious journalists, to animadvert upon "American manners" in draw-rooms—the treatment of Turkey carpets—the demeanor of "gentlemen of standing and property" in the theatre—the time occupied in swallowing an egg, or discussing a beef-steak, &c. &c. I shall have other and mightier themes—LIBERTY OUTRAGED—in her SANCTUARY AND HOME—"THE RIGHTS OF MAN ANNIHILATED IN THE LAND OF THE FREE"—GOD'S AWFUL IMAGE BOUGHT AND SOLD IN THE AMERICAN MARKET. Upon these subjects I shall write, and speak, and print; while Heaven continues to me reason and energy, or until America learns justice to her captive children. I shall guard against the charge of misrepresentation by founding all I say upon abundant and incontrovertible evidence, viz: AMERICAN DOCUMENTS.—Sages and Senators, Priests and Politicians, Mechanics and Merchants, Lawyers and Legislators, shall all speak for themselves—Assemblies, and Synods, and Presbyteries, and Associations, and Conferences, and Conventions, shall all speak in the language of their own "Preambles," and "Protests," & "Resolutions," and "Appeals," and "Counter Appeals," and "Pastoral Letters," and "Official Disclaimers," &c. &c. I will echo the sentiments of the Cradle of Liberty, in the words there uttered. I will read the various interpretations of the American Constitution from the identical leading articles and pamphlets put forth by its most "jealous" and "patriotic" defenders. The Otises, and the Spragues, and the Fletchers, who lacked the magnanimity to allow me the chance of contending with them on the day when they traduced their COUNTRY and ME, shall be heard in Great Britain. The placards that have adorned the walls of Northern American post-offices and Southern slave-markets, shall appear before the eyes, and make their own unaided appeal to British hearts and British understandings. If I am asked why I thus discuss American Slavery, on British soil, I will point to the immense amount of American slave-grown produce floating in our harbors, or stored in our warehouses; and I will urge my countrymen and countrywomen, by every consideration which humanity, political economy, and religion can suggest, to cease from the use of the accursed thing.

It is matter of unfeigned thankfulness, that frequently and publicly as I have spoken upon the subject of slavery in all its bearings, and anxiously as I have sought investigation into my views, principles and purposes, the only charge which has been framed against me, touching the sentiments I hold, which has been put into specific language, is grounded upon a single expression in a private conversation; that expression severed from its connection, and perverted from a simple and legitimate argument, drawn from the POLITICAL PRINCIPLES OF MY OPPONENT, into an unqualified declaration of my own sentiments. Other charges have been preferred, affecting my moral character. These I shall leave to my revered associates in the cause of abolition, who are thoroughly acquainted with my past history, and are at liberty to take what notice they please of the multiplied paragraphs which have been circulated with a view to blast my reputation, and rob the bleeding slave of the value of my poor services in his behalf. My history for the last five years is known to thousands. I have been ever, during that time, before the world; my words and actions constantly open to public scrutiny. I appeal to the members of the London Anti-Slavery Society—to the members of the Metropolitan Agency Committee, whose agent and representative I was, up to the time I left this country. I appeal to the various Committees throughout Great Britain, with whom I have been associated. I appeal to the multitude of ministers of the Gospel, and Christians of every denomination, on both sides of the Atlantic, with whose acquaintance, co-operation and friendship I have

been honored. I appeal to all with whom I have had any transactions, pecuniary or otherwise, to point to an act, a word, at variance with honor, honesty, or veracity. I came not to the United States, as has been falsely and wickedly asserted, "a fugitive from justice." I left the country of my birth after an arduous and triumphant public career, laden with benefits, and waited for the blessings and prayers of a Christian community. There the paths to honor, independence, and popularity, were before me, and by many I was sought to stay and tread them. I preferred to visit your shores. I came, as you and all who know me can bear testimony, not to seek the silver and gold so largely obtained by other "foreigners," but to spend and be spent in the cause of freedom and humanity, asking only a hearing on behalf of the captive pining and sighing within the borders of your free and fertile land. I have been accused of "abusing the hospitality" I have received. I believe the charge will never be preferred by any who have cherished the stranger, against whom this accusation is so often hurled; it never shall be, if a gratitude which neither time nor distance can efface or weaken, and a fervent love and active zeal for the true welfare of their country, will commend me to their continued regard. The charge, however, has invariably originated, I believe, with those from whom, if any friend of the slave were to ask bread he would receive a stone; or if a fish, he would receive a serpent; or if an egg, he would receive a scorpion.

While I thus repel certain charges which have been unjustly brought against me, let it not be understood that I desire to claim infallibility, or to vindicate, excuse, or palliate any act of my past life which is justly reprehensible; God forbid! I trust I have too sacred a regard for the principles of truth and integrity to attempt to weaken their force upon my own or other minds by extenuating any conduct involving a violation of those principles. Wherein I have erred, I have no hesitation in speaking in terms of the bitterest self-reproach. Before heaven and the world I am ready frankly and sorrowfully to acknowledge my faults. Could any labor, any sacrifice—could my tears or my blood, expiate to society, or to individuals, the errors of my past life, I would freely do and suffer all within my power. What more can I say? What more need I say? What more is required, in reference to my fellow-men, by Him who is the righteous Judge of all mankind? What more is demanded by any Christian in America—in the world? To the enemies of the sacred cause I advocate, nothing I could say would be satisfactory. In their eyes the crime of an individual consists, not in apologizing for sin, or continuing in sin, but in repentance and reformation; in turning from sin, and bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. Then is he brought up for judgment, and condemned and punished for the sins of the past, on account of the rectitude and unblameableness of his present conduct. No fact is more obvious than this. The men who most severely scrutinize the character and conduct of abolitionists, and "compass sea and land" to frame a charge against them, are the open, shameless, and systematic defenders of a SYSTEM OF PIRACY, LIEGE, HEATHENISM AND SOUL-MURDER. To such I make no appeal. They lack every principle of sound & righteous judgment. To those in the Christian world, who, forgetting the "charity" which "rejoiceth in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth," which "hoped all things, and believeth all things," are prone gladly to receive, and eagerly to propagate, reports injurious to the reputation and usefulness of those who are laboring in the cause of humanity and freedom, I would say, Study the character of Him whose disciples you profess to be—remember His awful words, "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again. He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

I thank God, I cherish no feelings of bitterness or revenge towards any individual in America—my most inveterate enemy not excepted. Should the sea, on which I am about to embark, receive me ere I gain my native shore—should this be the last letter I ever address to you, and through you, to the people of America, Heaven bear me witness I with truth and sincerity affirm, that, as I look to be freely forgiven, so freely do I forgive my persecutors and slanderers, and pray—"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

Should a kind Providence place me again upon the soil of my birth, and when there, should any American (and I hope many will) visit that soil, to plead the cause of virtue and philanthropy, and strive, in love, to provoke us to good works, let him know that there will be one man who will uphold his right to liberty of speech—one man who will publicly and privately assert and maintain the divinity of his commission to attack sin, and alleviate suffering in every form, in every latitude, and by whatever name, and under whatever sanctions and authorities it may be cloaked and guarded. And, coming on such an errand, I think I may pledge myself, on behalf of my country, that he shall not be driven, with a wife and little ones, from the door of a hotel, in less than thirty-six hours after he first breathes our air—that he shall not be denounced as an "incendiary," a "fanatic," an "emissary," an "enemy,"—that he shall not be assailed with oaths and missiles, while proclaiming from the pulpit, in the house of God, on the evening of a Christian Sabbath, the doctrines of "judgment, justice and mercy,"—that he shall not be threatened, wherever he goes, with tar and feathers,—that he shall not be repudiated and abused, in misdeeds religious newspapers, and by men calling themselves Christian ministers,—that he shall not have a price set upon his head, and his house surrounded by ruffians, hired to effect his abduction,—that his wife and children shall not be forced to flee from the hearth of a friend, lest they should be "smoked out" by men in civic authority, and their paid myrmidons,—that the mother and her little ones shall not find, at midnight, the house surrounded by an infuriated multitude, calling, with horrible execrations, for the husband & the father,—that his lady shall not be doomed, while in a strange land, to see her babes clinging to her with affright, exclaiming, "the mob shan't get papa!"—papa is good, is he not? the naughty mob shan't get him, shall they?—that he shall not, finally, be forced to quit the most enlightened & Christian city of our nation, to escape the assassin's knife, and return to tell his country that in Britain, the friend of virtue, humanity, & freedom, was put beyond the protection of the laws and the pale of civilized sympathy, and given over, by professor and profane, to the tender mercies of a blood-thirsty rabble.

If spared, I shall send you, from time to

time, an account (as minute and regular as my time and strength will permit) of my journeyings, labors, trials, disappointments, encouragements and successes, with the progress of the cause generally, on the other side of the Atlantic. My beloved American friends must not think unkindly of me, if I do not write to them individually. Through the pages of your journal, I will keep them acquainted with my savings and doings.

Let it never be forgotten that our object is, the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD,—that ours is not a sectional or national question,—that the energies, now concentrating for the immediate emancipation of the American slave, are to be continued in full and growing operation while a captive sighs into the ear of awakened philanthropy, or the heavens are pierced by the unutterable groan of one immortal being into whose soul the iron of an unjust bondage enters,—Brazil, with her two millions of slaves, awaits the well-directed moral influence of Great Britain and America united. A part only of the Antilles is free. A voice from Cuba and Porto-Rico, from Guadalupe and Martinique, is heard, "Come over and help us." Yes, and by God's assistance, we will. Our vision shall comprehend the whole field. Our energies shall be directed to the annihilation of slavery wherever it exists on the face of the globe. We will "remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them," in whatever country, in whichever hemisphere they dwell. The voice of remonstrance shall be heard from isle to isle, and from shore to shore, and from continent to continent, until Christendom is purged from the stain of blood, and Africa delivered from the spoiler of her children.

"Muse! take the harp of prophecy. Behold The glories of a brighter age unfold! Friends of the outcast, view the accomplished plan, The negro towering to the height of man."

Is greatness bound to color, shape, or air? No! God created all his children fair. Tyrants and slaves no more their tribes shall see, For God created all his children free.

Now Justice, leagued with Mercy from above, Shall reign in all the liberty of love; And the sweet shores, beneath the balmy west, Again shall be the islands of the blest."

I shall endeavor to get the Societies in Great Britain to observe the last Monday evening of the month as a season of prayer for the abolition of slavery throughout the world. It will be delightful on that occasion to blend our spirits in prayer and intercession before a throne of grace. Thus, waiting upon the Lord, we shall renew our strength. We shall mount on the wings of eagles. We shall run and not be weary. We shall walk and not faint.

It was inexpressibly painful to leave without the opportunity of saying farewell to the endeared companions of my struggles and dangers in your city. Perhaps, however, it was better that it should be so.

"Ye, who have known what 'tis to date upon A few dear objects, will in sadness feel Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal."

Let me now take an affectionate leave of my friends throughout America. Though my scene of labor, for the present, will be distant from yours, I shall be contending for the same high principles—I shall be seeking to advance the same holy object. Let me have your prayers, that the blessing of the Most High may rest upon my efforts to arouse the sympathies and enlist the co-operation of the wise and virtuous in Europe. You may confide in my devotion to the cause. I will not cease to commend you to the care and benediction of "our Father who is in heaven;" and I will look forward to the day when (if never again on earth) we shall meet where all is joy, and calm, and liberty, and love.

In parting with you, my beloved brother, words fail me, and I must be indebted to the language of your own eloquent, animating and Christian-minded letter to me. "With a full heart and weeping eyes I bid you farewell. Our feelings, purposes, hopes, souls, are one. No time, no distance, shall separate our spirits. I know you too well to believe that you will ever prove recreant to the cause of God. Together let us antagonize with a world lying in wickedness." Amen, with all my heart! We have grappled our hold, till he falls into a grave of infamy from which there is no resurrection, or we are summoned from the conflict here—

"And cease at once to work and live."

In the bonds of the closest affection,  
Your friend and fellow-laborer,  
GEORGE THOMPSON.

FORTY YEARS AGO

Literature meant solid learning, and was supported by common sense. Refined nonsense had no advocates, and was pretty generally kicked out of doors.

Forty Years Ago—men of property could labor, and wear homespun to church—Women could spin and weave—make butter and cheese, whose husbands were worth thousands.

Forty Years Ago—there were but few merchants in the country—few insolvent debtors, and very rarely a person imprisoned for debt.

Forty years ago—the young ladies of the first respectability learned music, but it was the humming of the wheel, and learning the necessary steps of dancing in following it. Their forte piano was a loom, their parasol a broom, and their novels the Bible.

Forty years ago—the young gentlemen hoed corn, chopped wood at the door, and went to school in the winter to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Forty years ago—there was some respect paid to old age, to the minister of the parish, and to Sunday.

Forty years ago—there was no such thing as balls in summer, and but few in winter—except snow balls.

Forty years ago—if a mechanic promised to do your work, you might depend on his word, and if a gentleman pledged his word, the thing would be done.

Silk from Vermont.—Mr. Stacy, publisher of the Free Press, Burlington, Vt. has presented us with an elegant specimen of Sewing Silk, manufactured in that place, under his directions. We should imagine, from a view of this specimen, that Vermont may eventually be as much noted for manufacturing silk, as it now is for producing wool.—N. E. Farmer

## LIST OF LETTERS.

REMAINING in the Post Office.

Brandon, Vt. Jan. 1st, 1836.	
B	M
Barlow Lewis	Miller Augustus
Beardsley Ebenezer	Moon Moses
Bagley Curtis	N
C	Nailor Peter
Childs Penuel Jr	P
Clough Mary	Pond Zebulon
D	S
Dwinnel James M.	Spafford Merrill
F	Shaw Harry W.
Fuller William	Stephens Richard
G	Sweet Theophilus
Goodnow Jonathan	T
Geraw Nancy	Thomas Zebina
Gates Luther F. 2	Tenney Arathusa
H	W
Hooker Davis	Washburn James
J	Washburn Peter
Johns nMcLbourne S.	Woodcock Roswell
K	Wheeler John C
Kirk Michael	GOSHEN
L	Boynton Amos
Luther John I.	Gale Isaac
Lyon Jabez	SUDBURY
Leach Shepherd	Jackson Nathan
	W. H. KEELER, P. M.

## ESTRAY.

Broke into the enclosure of the subscriber, on the 9th inst. one red three years old STEER, good size, and a fair handsome steer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take him away.

MOSES CLOUGH.

Brandon, Jan. 4th, 1836.

## ESTRAY CATTLE.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, on the 10th inst. one red three years old STEER, with a notch cut in the right ear, two white feet, and a star in the forehead, appears to have been marked on the rump with tar. Also one 2 or 3 years old brindle HEIFER, with the right ear cropped off and appears to have been marked with tar on the rump. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away.

MATTHEW W. BIRCHARD.

Brandon, Dec. 15th 1835.

## SHEEP'S PELTS.

CASH, and the highest price will be paid for pelts, by

E. R. MASON &amp; Co.

Leicester, Oct. 5, 1835. 2-6m

## LOST.

IN the street, between Conant's Store and Frost's Tavern, in Brandon, on the evening of the 21st Nov., or taken from a wagon under Mr. Frost's shed, a drab-colored overcoat, lined with flannel, sleeves lined with tow cloth, large capes, velvet collar, woven kersey; also one checked horse-blanket, red and black. Any person having knowledge of the above named articles, will confer a favor on the owner, by leaving word with Mr. Frost.

ARTEMAS FLAGG.

Hinesburgh, Dec. 10, 1835.

## PAUL FIELD'S ESTATE.

Present, the Hon. William Marsh Judge, Mercy Field and Sumner J. Field, Administrators of the estate of Paul Field, late of Brandon in said district, deceased, proposing to render an account of their administration, and present their account against said estate, for allowance:

Ord red, That said account be examined in Court, at a session thereof, to be holden at the Probate Office in Rutland, within and for said District on the first Monday of February next. And that the publication of a copy of this order, three weeks successively, in the Vermont Telegraph, printed at Brandon aforesaid, as soon as may be, shall be sufficient to all concerned to appear, if they see cause, and object thereto.

F. W. HOPKINS, Register

## GROCERY STORE.

THE subscribers are opening a store in the basement story of Frost's building, where they offer for sale, low, the following among numerous other articles:

Superior SUGARS of all kinds—loaf and lump—New-Orleans and Havana. Also, New-Orleans and Porto Rico Molasses; Sumatra and Java coffee; chocolate.

An assortment of TEAS, of a superior quality—Young Hyson—Hyson Skin—Green and Gunpowder—Old Hyson—Pouchong—Souchong and Pecco—all of late importations.

Also bunch, box and keg raisins; figs; prunes; citrons; oranges; lemons; mace; cloves; first rate articles of spice of all kinds; pearlsh; saleratus; spermaceti candles; herring; mackerel; oysters, and FLOUR.

People of the village and vicinity, wanting any of the above named articles, are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. Inspection of articles for sale will cost them nothing, if they do not wish to purchase.

CHURCH &amp; ENOS.

Brandon, Dec. 31, 1835.

## JOB-PRINTING.

Books, Pamphlets, Blanks, Hand-bills, Way-Bills, Cards, &c. neatly executed at the

TELEGRAPH-OFFICE, BRANDON, VT.

## NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

AT CHIPMAN'S POINT, Orwell, Vt.

The subscriber is now opening a very large and general assortment of GOODS, at the new Brick Store, a few rods north of W. Chipman & Co's Store, which he offers for sale for Cash, all kinds of country produce, or on approved credit. Having purchased the most of his Goods at auction and by the package, and being situated on the lake shore where he is at a very trifling expense in getting his Goods from Market—he feels a confidence in saying that he will sell Goods as low, or lower than any merchant in the State. He would invite his friends and the public generally to call and see for themselves. Storing and Forwarding promptly attended to and done on the lowest terms.

N. B. The highest price paid for Sheep's Pelts.

J. McEWAN

Orwell, Oct. 19, 1835. (ep3m)

## STOVES.

THE subscribers have at their warehouse a large assortment of COOK, BOX and PARLOR STOVES, at wholesale and retail, among which will be found the well known "Conant Stove," and the improved Rotary Cooking Stove.

The fire plates to the latter having been strengthened, we can confidently recommend the article for durability, and competent judges have already pronounced it the best stove in use.

It is believed that our stoves possess every qualification to recommend them to the patronage of the public, save an extravagantly high price, which is a matter of no great importance, compared with the quality of the article itself.

PLOWS, CAULDRON KETTLES and HOLLOW WARE, constantly on hand, and most kinds of Castings made at short notice.

C. W. &amp; J. A. CONANT

Brandon, Oct. 12, 1835.

N. B.—We again say that Stanley is not the inventor of the Rotary Stove—and we engage to indemnify any and all who purchase or use our stoves, against his claim.

## NATIONAL CHURCH HARMONY.

CONTAINING tunes calculated for public worship, anthems and short pieces for fests, thanksgivings, Christmas, missionary meetings, ordinations, dedications, anniversaries, &c. &c. &c. by N. D. GOULD—new stereotyped edition, enlarged.

The publishers have been induced, in consequence of the very liberal patronage bestowed upon this work, to add to it fourteen pages of new music, in addition to the former supplement, without increase of price.

The work now contains 250 psalm tunes, giving a large variety, adapted to every metre of sacred poetry found in books used in any of our churches. It also contains 80 anthems and select pieces, including the compositions of more than one hundred different authors.

The new plan adopted for this work, placing the full harmony in the Basses, Treble staff, in small notes, has been highly commended, and will readily be acknowledged of important advantage to those who play the organ and piano forte.

The conciseness and clearness of the rudiments—the adaptation of additional words to the common tunes, to give variety, and prevent the scholar from learning time, accent, tune words, &c. by rote—must also be an advantage perceived by every teacher and chorister.

The metrical tunes are so arranged that on most of the pages will be found two at a different character, on such relative keys as will enable choristers to pass readily from one to the other, when the sentiment of the words vary in the same hymn, so as to require music of a different character.

As the work is stereotyped, the public will not be perplexed with constant changes, as none will be made, except the addition of tunes, which all can have, and the correction of typographical errors which may occur.

The work is printed on good paper, from handsome type, and is in every way manufactured in the best manner.

Also the JUVENILE HARMONY, containing appropriate hymns and music, for Sabbath Schools, Sabbath School anniversaries, and family devotion. By N. D. GOULD.

This little work, which is intended for Sabbath Schools, Sabbath School anniversaries, and family devotion, we consider one of great merit, because peculiarly well adapted to the object for which it is intended. It contains the Rudiments of Music, set forth in a plain, familiar manner, so that persons little versed in the science of music, may understand, so as to be able to teach children and youth in this interesting and increasingly popular branch of education. The music, which is mostly original,